

A  
H Y M N  
TO THE  
C H A I R:  
OR,

LUGUBRATIONS, *Serious and Comical,*

On the Use of Chairs, Benches, Forms, Joint-Stools,  
Three-Legged Stools, and Ducking-Stools. The  
Hint taken from the *Craftsman* of the 6th Instant, and  
improv'd for the Benefit of those who sit on Chairs  
of Ease, and those who sit upon Thorns and Nettles.  
— In a particular manner is handled with all due  
Reverence and Respect,

The Chair of St — e.	The Sedan Chair.
The Chair of the House of Com- mons.	The Easy Chair.
The L — d Ma — 's Chair.	The Maundering Chair.
The tottering Charitable Cor- poration Chair.	The Fornicating Chair.
The Bench of Justices Chair.	The Cambridge Chair.
The East-India Chair.	Several Imaginary Chairs.
The South-Sea Chair.	The Couch Chair.
The Greenland Chair.	The Duke of <i>Venus'</i> Chair.
The Mechanick Chairs.	Corporation Chairs.
	Trading Justices Chair.
	Dr. Busby's Chair.

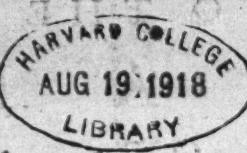
To which are added

The Beauties and Advantages of other necessary Utensils to rest the Bum upon, and ease the Mind,  
the Body, and the Breeches.

L O N D O N:

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# H Y M N

TO THE

# C H A I R.

**H**AIL! Chair of State; thy Praise I sing;  
Accept the Tribute which I bring  
To thee, thou Easer of a King,

Or Emp'ror.

The Man that does not compliment  
Thee as an easy Instrument,  
By Law should suffer Punishment,

Exemplar.

The waggish Punsters may divert  
Themselves, and think they're very smart,  
In calling thee a Stifle Fart,

A Or Phizzle:

But such are only full of Wind,  
And favour most of Wit behind,  
And should have that for Fools design'd,

A Pizzle.

How wise and noble looks a Mayor,  
Plac'd in the City's awful Chair,  
When he does learned Truths declare,  
In Scarlet!

The Words from Chair are Statute Law,  
Which strike the Guilty with an Awe,  
And Tears from hardned Fountains draw,

From Harlot.

Th' Appearance strikes an awful Terror,  
(For to be cover'd is an Error)  
And all are list'ning to the Swearer

's Story:

The

The guilty *Culprit* shakes for Fear,  
 And down on's Marrow-bones to th' Chair,  
 And begs he may not dance i'th' Air,

A Boree.

A Chair above this *Chair*, tho' Wood,  
 Is worshipp'd like a Wooden God,  
 From which a condescending Nod,

A Grace is;

And from it a vindictive Frown  
 Does often strike the Guilty down,  
 When scandalous, they can't disown,

The Case is.

The Man who wounds you when he smiles,  
 And keeps his Station by his Wiles,  
 And reasons best when he beguiles,

Like Smugler,

Was reprimanded from this *Chair*,  
 For some Transactions very bare,  
 A deep Design to cheat an Heir,

A Jugler.

But

But so enchanting his Defence,  
 His Guilt appear'd like Innocence,  
 The Chair did not expel him thence,

But check'd him.

The Zealous in another Affair,  
 In which, he sits himself in Chair,  
 Took this Advantage, but none there

Detect him.

A Rod of Birch, design'd for Smart,  
 That basely lash'd a tender Part  
 With Silver Tongue, was one in Heart,

A Bond too;

Drawn with a villainous Design,  
 In this as Instrument did join,  
 But G—— the Plots did undermine,

And conn'd too:

And both, for Crimes and Misdemeanours,  
 Were banish'd by the honest Seigniors,  
 Who for the Chair cannot be Screeners,

Or double:



Then

Then who'd be backward to declare  
 The Honour of this mighty Chair,  
 Where all is just, and all is fair,

And Noble?

*A Star, tho' in the highest Sphere,*  
*Which one would think above the Chair,*  
*Before it trembling did appear,*

To shew, Sir,

Why he with others did agree,  
 Under Pretence of Charity,  
 To cheat the poor industrious Bee,

Like Jew, Sir.

He's dull, that does not know, and — Grant,  
 A Villain would be thought a Saint,  
 The Negroes white the Devil paint,

It's Natural;

But he that comes before the Chair,  
 Must what he is, in fact appear,  
 Twill be of little Service there

To flatter all,

Saint

Saint Dennis told the Chair of Wonders,  
 That he had done — and others Blunders,  
 Or worse — were not his, but the Founders  
 O'th' System.

The Sons of Jack, and Tom, and Robin,  
 Were Artists most expert at Bobbing,  
 And crept aside, whilst others sobbing,

Pist 'em.

The Chair examin'd strictly, who  
 Did most the Hellish Act pursue,  
 Trade, and th' Unhappy to undo;

And order'd,

That all Confed'rates in the Bubble,  
 Should open lay to lawful Trouble,  
 And from the Chair be swept like Stubble,

True 'tis recorded.

The Chair o'th' Charitable Corporation,  
 Is now upon a Reformation,  
 And must submit to a Translation,

True 'tis;

And

And if from Oak, it's made of Fir,  
 It will not be so hard to stir,  
 And for the Bum much easier,  
 Than now 'tis.

Now pass we to a Chair inferior,  
 Where learn'd Sir John does ease Posterior,  
 Till both his Lungs and Tongue are wearier  
 Than Stentor's :

Not that he meanly talks 'em off,  
 Like poor Non-Con, for Chops and Broth,  
 Or stretches Article-like Cloth  
 On Tenters.

Religion, Law, and Reason, all  
 From him, and from his Chair does fall;  
 But most he does poor Hussies maul,

Of Drury ;  
 And little Libellers, Grubbeans,  
 That sing us merry *To Pæans*,  
 Are mark'd for wicked Ways and Means,  
 To th' Jury.

The Jury then a Sense declare,  
Of learned Justice from the Chair,  
And 'gainst Enormities declare,

In Number,

Tho' some who in the Humour leap,  
And own the Speech was high and deep,  
Did all the time, or nod, or sleep,  
Or slumber.

Thus Sir John's Chair is thought as wise  
As any Chair i'th' Land, o'th' Size,  
And holds what often does surprise

The Hearers.

What valuable Chairs beside,  
Are there for Profit, and for Pride,  
Where Corporations do reside

Each Sharers?

There is the Golden *India* Chair,  
So very rich, that you would swear  
Diamonds and Gold were hoarded there,

In Barrels.

The

The frigid Northern *Russia* Chair,  
 First seated with the Skin of Bear,  
 Is now too much expos'd to Air

By Quarrels.

And there's the Chair, of Silver made,  
 Tho' it is oft' in Masquerade,  
 It came from where the Ships they lade  
 With Money.

This Chair for Eloquence is famous,  
 Tho' he must be an *Ignoramus*  
 That's blind when some contrive to tame us  
 With Honey.

The Chair which came from *Hudson's Bay*,  
 Tho' it has not the greatest Sway,  
 Yet he that in it sits, can't say

He founders.

The *Greenland* Chair is very cold,  
 Tho' it will be too hot to hold  
 When Whales at *Billingsgate* are sold

For Flounders.

The little Chairs in little Halls,  
 Where little proud Mechanick bawls  
 Louder than Choristers at *Paul's*,

At base them;

The Work's too great to name 'em through,  
 They look the best at Lord Mayor's Show,  
 When various Dishes in a row

Do grace them.

The Chairs which travel many a League,  
 To carry Ladies to intrigue,  
 Are often curs'd by Footman *Teague*,

Indeed Sir;

For he must after run before,  
 And cry, *By your Leave, to ev'ry Whore,*  
 Till both his Brogues and Tongue are sore,

With Speed, Sir.

The Flying-Chairs, where Children play,  
 And fly their idle Pence away,  
 We leave to *Sw——t* for an Effay

On Flying.

We

We next pursue the easy Chair,  
 With Cushion soft, for Lady fair,  
 O'er-run with Vapours and Despair,  
     a Crying.

The Monkey takes to eat his Tail,  
 The Parrot drinks and smells of Ale,  
 And Vene's Stomach seems to fail,  
     sad Ditty.

*What has she done this to deserve?*  
 Her Favourites all are like to starve;  
 At Night for them she'll Chicken carve,  
     in Pity.

This Chair with Idleness and Tea,  
 Like Fire and Ague, do agree,  
 The only Cure for't is to be  
     at Labour.

But of all Chairs, this is the worst,  
 'Tis doubly damn'd, and doubly curs'd  
 And is with private Scandal nurs'd,  
     with Neighbour.

Then

Then there's the scolding maund'ring Chair,  
 With this 'tis much upon the Square,  
 It causes Melancholy, where

a Heap comes,

The Mistress thus her Bottom eas'd,  
 Resolves with nothing to be pleas'd,  
 And all the Family are teaz'd

till Sleep comes.

Nor must the fornicating Chair  
 Be quite forgot, since many a M——r,  
 And Ald——ns Foundation share  
 was handy;

'Tis said old *Lewis* King of *France*,  
 Sprung from a Chair, the Child of Chance,  
 Got by Nobleman of *Nantes*,

a Grandee.

Then let not May—rs or Aldermen  
 Complain, if they, by Chance, should ken  
 The Game-Cock treading Dunghil Hen,  
 a Chair in:

By

By Observation Fewds are bred,  
 And better 'tis to spring i' th' Head,  
 Than by complaining, be as dead  
 as Herring.

*I wear a Sword,* says modern Player,  
 When he was caught at Dog and Bear,  
 Transacting in a Closet Chair,  
 in secret.

The very naming of a Sword,  
 Like Horn of Bull, the Man so gor'd,  
 He vow'd he'd take it, (tho' he roar'd)  
 'thout Regret.

The little Citts should not despise  
 The Chair, by which they higher rise,  
 And carry Fronts, to guard their Eyes  
 and Noses.

A Change in Fowl, in Fish and Flesh,  
 Imagination does refresh,  
 And makes the Ladies look as fresh  
 as Roses.

Why

Why should the Chair be then thought strange?  
 Since it does but admit a Change,  
 When we in lively Pleasures range  
 in Love Toys.

The greatest Monarch, *Israel's Sol*,  
 No doubt try'd all Ways, *all in all*,  
 Both in a Chair, and 'gainst a Wall,  
 To shove Joys.

And if Queen *Bess*, as some will tell us,  
 Lov'd *Essex*, as the best of Fellows,  
 A Chair for them, might be as well as  
 tho' Vulgar,

And better too; for it is said,  
 A Queen, alone, ne'er goes to Bed,  
 A Chair no Jealousy could spread,  
 With full Gear.

Could we distinguish, or divine  
 Chairs that are Virgins, by a Sign,  
 From those stamp'd with the current Coin:

What Numbers

Would

Would then be of the latter Sort?  
 In Country, City, and in C——t,  
 Some few might shew they'd nothing for't  
 but Slumbers.

A nice Inspection would not spare  
 The infallible St. Peter's Chair,  
 Pope *Joan* was very merry there:

*Meretrix,*

She did not sit in Posture so,  
 As when the Pilgrims kiss'd her Toe,  
 Or, when denouncing heavy Woe  
 'gainst Hereticks.

The Chairs in Suburbs, or in City,  
 Who, most of all, deserve our Pity,  
 Are those of *Molly*, *Pat* and *Kitty*  
 rended.

The Bum of Girl, will not supply  
 The Bum of Chair, but out 'twill fly,  
 The Wretch has not a Penny by  
 To mend it.

There's Chairs for Good, and Chairs for Evil,  
 Chairs Ecclesiastical and Civil,  
 And Chairs that turn upon a Swivel,  
 for th' Gouty.

The B——p in his Chair is grave,  
 And gives Advice, poor Souls to save,  
*He is of J——C—— a Knavē,*  
 don't doubt ye.

In *Cambridge* is an antique Chair,  
 That when a Prophet fits him there,  
 And sleeps, he dreams of Castles i' th' Air,  
 surrounded.

The Nature of it was inquir'd in,  
 Why Men of Knowledge should be inspir'd in  
 This Chair, and with Inquiries tir'd in,  
 they found it.

The Ship in which Sir *Francis Drake*,  
 Sail'd round the World, being on the Brake,  
 This Chair was made o' the Quarter Deck:  
 And thence 'tis,

This

This Chair Ideas does convey  
 Of Rambling, — then what should we say,  
 Of a Chair of Noah's Ark, to stray  
 our Senses.

What Pity 'tis, the learned R——l  
 Society don't make a Trial  
 Of Chairs to sleep in, and to buy all  
 Ruines:

Who knows how high a Man might soar,  
 Sleeping in Chair of Babel's Tower,  
 He'd see this World, and forty more,  
 new Ones.

Had we of Archimedes's Lumber,  
 Enough to make a Chair for Slumber,  
 We'd find by Lines in a Cucumber

Longitude.

A Chair o' th' Tree, tho' like a Spire,  
 Where George Fox preach'd to Men in Mire,  
 A modern Quaker would inspire,  
 John G—t would.

But more of Virtue, more of Note,  
Would be a Chair of *Peter's* Boat,  
In that a Man might, sleeping, float  
most purely:

A Chair of Jacob's Ladder, made  
To climb to Heaven, would give us Aid;  
A Man in Sleep would be convey'd  
securely.

Another Chair we now pursue,  
Whence real Pleasure does accrue,  
Which ease the Head and Body too,  
not seeming.

This

This Chair affords a studious Posture

For Poetry, or *Pater-Noster*,

A Lady here —— one may accost her

Neatly.

On this Machine vast great Essays,

Songs, Sermons, Operas, and Plays,

Were founded in these latter Days;

The Reading,

Will make a Man so dull, and sad,

So sleepy Cib--r swears, *By Gad,*

*A Couch-Chair is the Place they had*

*Their Breeding.*

The Duke of *Venus*, once a Year,

Is carry'd on the Sea 'n a Chair,

And to the Sea is married there,

No Romance;

In solemn State he casts a Ring

I'th' Ocean; then the Duke they bring

Back in the Chair of State, and sing,

And so dance.

Our

Our Corporation Chairs, for Squires,  
Made Burgesses, and Knights of Shires,  
Are what the Country much admires,

Like Wake, or Fair-a;

They mount the Member in the Chair,  
And with Huzzahs on Shoulders bear  
The Country Patriot thro' the Air,

Then rake and swear-a.

But what is such a Chair as this,  
To that of Trading-Justices,  
Who make all People cry, or piss,

That see 'em :

His Language — *Warrant*, and *Discharge*,  
Those Words are all he speaks, at large,  
Except, *Who Charges?* — *Who d'ye Charge?*

Then fee him.

He then goes further — *You, Defendant*,  
*Have you a mind to make an end on't?*  
*Go drink at — or depend on't,*

*I'll bind ye.*

He

He then as haughty looks, as *Turk*,  
 And asks the Clerk what other Work  
 There is, and does it with a Jerk ;

But mind ye,

The first sent out t'agree, return ;  
 With Look majestical and stern,  
 He eyes each Party, to discern

Who's most Fool :

For a Discharge the Money's paid,  
 But he is wise, and is afraid,  
 Some Wrong may still be done or said

By croſt'd Fool.

His Clerk, who is in Trade his Brother,  
 Takes one aside ; he talks to t'other,  
 And tells him, if they make a Pother,

Come here again.

Warrants on Warrants then succeed,  
 Whilst scolding Fools fly Villains feed,  
 And howsoever great their Need,

They swear again.

And

And thus the Chair of Trading-Justice,  
 Seldom or never full of Dust is,  
 But Glutt'ny, Ignorance, and Lust is  
 Conjunctions,  
 Which they supply by th' Chair; their Court,  
 It's well all are not of a sort;  
 Some few with Honour do support  
 Their Functions.

Old *Busby* was a flogging Cull,  
 And never School-Boy was so dull,  
 But trembled at his Chair i'th' School.

Grammatical —

I'th' Chair he frown'd, when Boy did hammer  
 His Brains, to make a Sentence Grammar,  
 The Urchin then wou'd shake and stammer,  
 Why--why--why--what d' call.

A Cag of Vinegar there stood,  
 By *Busby*; and of Crab-tree Wood  
 The Chair was made, 'twould sour one's Blood  
 To see it:

The

The Juice of Limes the Doctor drank,  
 And for a Blur, or roguish Prank,  
 He'd mount the Spark and flog his Flank,  
 And flea it.

So stern his Phiz, no Scholar dare  
 Look in his Face, but to the Chair  
 Each said his Part with utmost Care,

As could be;

This Chair, a Man can have no Ease on't;  
 Nor in it can a Man be pleasant,  
 For Critick Den--s it a Present

Would be

Enough of Chairs, since more than's good  
 Are seen, felt, heard, and understood:  
 The Bench, and Form, and Stool of Wood,

We tell on.

The Bench the Preference has of these,  
 For from its just and wise Decrees  
 Do reconcile the Diff'rences

Men dwell on

D

What

What tho' a little harmless Nap,  
At Time unseas'nable may hap,  
The guilty *Culprit* cannot 'scape

From Justice:

Here Justice is not bought and sold,  
The Trading-Chair alone does hold  
The Wretch, whose Aim is only Gold,

Which Dust is.

The Bench, it's said, has Qualities,  
To quicken both the Ears and Eyes,  
And make the Understanding wife,

And brighter

Than Easy-Chair, where most, or some,  
Have all their Senses in the Bum,  
And being deaf, and blind, and dumb,

They loiter.

The Form is a Machine design'd  
For Uses of a various Kind,  
And often empty Noise and Wind

Confound it:

Its

Its noblest Use is in the Isle  
 Of Church, where Women eas'd from Toil,  
 Hear gracious Truths, and not with Guile  
 Surrounded.

Here *Magdalena's* sigh and weep,  
 When Priest unriddles Myft'ries deep,  
 And on this Form they never sleep,

Or lean back,

As lazy Capon-eaters do,  
 With cushion'd Bum, and hassock'd Shoe,  
 Securely here they sleep in Pew,

With green Back.

The Playhouse Forms are matted o'er,  
 Lest Patience tir'd the Bum shou'd sore,  
 When stupid Actors droll before

The Audience :

If all these Forms were stuck with Thorns,  
 The Husseys, Planters of the Horns  
 Would come to jilt, for nothing turns

*Baudy hence.*

The Forms of Doctor Busby's School,

Held Boys whom Fate ordain'd to rule,

From thence there never came a Fool,

Of his Boys;

The greatest Lawyers and Divines,

Physicians, Poets, all that shines

In Verse or Prose sprung from these Mines

Of Busby's,

The Stools which Turners do devise,

Differ in Shape, as well as Size,

But that which most of all they prize,

Has four Legs:

This serves the toping single Sot,

For Pipes, Tobacco, and a Pot,

When guzzling he the Dropfy's got,

And sore legs.

It's either Chair, or Stool, or Table,

When a poor Creature is not able,

To rise above a Barn, or Stable,

Or Garret.

The

The Stool that wants a Foot of this  
 Square Circle or Triangle is,  
 And oft' makes Man a Monkey, *viz.*  
 to jeer at.

If to his Wife he is a Fool,  
 She threatens the three-footed Stool,  
 And slap it goes at Blockhead's Scull,  
 'tis addled.

In antient Days 'twas always said,  
 With three-leg'd Stool she combs his Head,  
 When th' Wife domestick Fewds had bred,  
 and battled.

The Apprehension of this Comb,  
 Keeps many a merry Man from home,  
 That thro' the Streets all Night does roam,  
 a Rakeing ;

Whilst his dear *Amazonian* Spouse,  
 Sweats, threatens, and a Vengeance vows,  
 On his poor Noddle, Eyes and Brows,  
 and Bacon.

Had

Had those good Men been thus benos'd,

Who first our Litany compos'd,

They'd not a Part of Worship los'd,

so pat as,

*That it may please thee, tho' we stumble,*

*To keep our Wives content and bumble,*

*And not to fight, or scold, or grumble,*

*at us.*

*That it may please thee, to confound*

*All three-leg'd Stools, or square, or round,*

*With whicb a poor Man's Head is crown'd,*

*or combed.*

*L—d, let them suffer in thine Ire,*

*Like Sodom in Brimstone, and Fire,*

*And with the Murderer, Thief, and Lyar,*

*be doomed.*

These Shrews were once kep'd much in Awe,

By Statute, call'd the Ducking Law,

Made to restrain the fluent Jaw,

and Tongue Tye,

The

Hussey of herself too full,  
 plagu'd, or comb'd her Husband's Scull,  
 fastned in a Ducking Stool,  
 no wrong Tye.

she was plung'd, and duck'd, and souse'd,  
 Mobb huzzaing, while she dows'd,  
 with all her Fire, and Venom rous'd,  
 she'd scold then.

time, the Mobb would still huzzah,  
 mind her but as Asses bray,  
 hen to souse her, ease away  
 their Hold then.

Stool the Author had in View,  
 wrote, *the tameing of the Shrew*,  
 Scene had been entirely new,  
 to duck one.

est the wicked Players rail,  
 use I'd cool a Woman's Tail,  
 give them Leave without a Veil,

to —————

The

The Close Stool might some People please,  
Because it is a Place of Ease;  
But it consists of Dregs and Lees,  
and Savours.

So much of Afterings behind,  
And Dirt, incorporate with Wind,  
None like (as ever I could find)

its Flavours.

---

F I N I S.